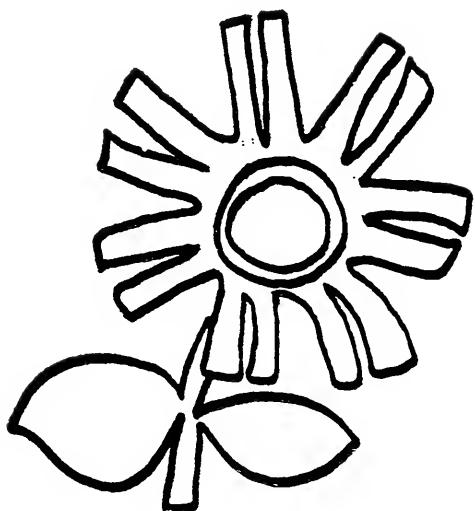


# IVY LEAVES

1971  
SPRING



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# IVY LEAVES

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Vol. VII

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No. 15

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## EDITORIAL

"Man has three ways of acting wisely: Firstly, on meditation, This is the Noblest; Secondly, on imitation, This is the easiest, and Thirdly, on experience, This is the bitterest." — Confucius

Within the pages of the spring 1971 IVY LEAVES are expressions of meditation, imitation, and experience — expressions of sorrow, joy, love, hate, anger, beauty, anguish. The subjects of literary inspiration can run the gamut of human experience. Perhaps there are here no masterpieces destined to capture the Pulitzer prize. Perhaps, on the other hand, here lie the beginnings of literary genius. Most importantly, these expressions are offered as honest observations, some joyous, some painful. Read with compassion, for these are outpourings of souls closely akin to yours; may some note touch the strings of your mind and heart to initiate a symphony of thought within you.

STUDENT EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Gary Arflin, Denise Dias,  
Wayne Ford, Nancy Vandiver

STUDENT ART COMMITTEE: Phil Owens, Roger Sanford

FACULTY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: Elaine Compton, Dennis James,  
Margaret Wooten

FACULTY STAFF: Elaine Compton, Faye Cowan, Dennis James,  
Marietta McCown, Robert S. Moore,  
W. F. West, Margaret Wooten.

## ENVIRONMENT

Grandfather's grandfather from North Carolina went  
With wife, toddling daughter, and infant son.  
The infant son in Kentucky to manhood grew  
And became the father of grandfather mine.  
My grandfather, in the Union Army,  
A youth with Sherman, ravaged the South.  
Now, I, the grandson of this Yankee devil,  
Endeavor to inculcate learning, *belles-lettres*,  
The humanities, and patriotism in the Youth  
Of the Carolinas from which grandsire's  
Grandfather emigrated long ago.  
Where one is born, lives, imbibes ideas,  
Acquires **mores** seems to make a difference.

Robert S. Moore

---

## "KENTUCKY KING"

### A Tribute to Robert S. Moore

Robert had some lovely urchins,  
Their respect for him did grow,  
And all the poems that he recited,  
Would set their hearts aglow.  
He sang to them at school one day,  
Which wasn't against the rule;  
He made his children laugh and learn,  
Because humor was his tool.  
And so his age did turn him out,  
But his impressions remain alive;  
Because old professors never die,  
They fade away to 2601 Pope Drive.

Fred McCown

## AN OBSERVATION

A blanket of humanism spreads over mankind.  
This mighty man who sets himself up  
as a little god, shakes his temporary fist  
at the stars, defies the universe, and even  
God himself . . . all for a little while  
in which he believes he can conquer . . . .  
. . . and then he dies.  
His eyes give way to mere dust, and  
his arrogant mouth rots away into  
eternal silence.

And what has he accomplished?  
He has been no one—simply a drop  
of water in the glass of all the masses of men.  
What has he done to be remembered?

D. Gayle Johnson

---

## SOME DAY

Some day I'll give all my life  
Just God, as I vowed I would.  
Some day I'll walk all the walk  
Just as I know I should.  
Yes,, I'll be all the things I ever said,  
You'll see, God, you'll see then  
Strange my conscience, strange indeed.  
Believe ye not, why ask ye; But when, But when.  
Yes, I intend, I intend, and I believe  
This downward hell-bound road of selfish greed  
When having taught me all, my exit then shall yield  
That yet I may pave that holy road and that at double speed.

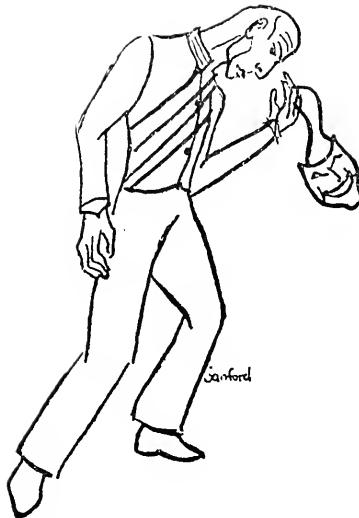
Larry Dyer

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## TO BELIEVE

If I must become, as before His death I could not  
Then surely this I say;  
God supreme fell victim of Satan's plot  
All my sin His blood did not put away.  
For here 'tis so many stumbled at offense  
In unbelief have failed to see.  
All sin He uprooted and cast it hence;  
Perfect, complete, new creation now will be.  
Steadfast, rooted in love must I be,  
As Christ Jesus I received.  
Made perfect and complete in Thee  
A believer who dared believe.

Larry Dyer



## MASKS

Sometimes when my eyelids sting with unshed tears,  
I wonder . . .  
How many other smiling faces I see are masks?  
Kim Heacock

---

## WHERE DO I BEGIN?

Sometimes at night when I lie awake,  
I just can't help thinking about  
What will happen to my life.  
So soon I must decide, where do I begin!  
The sun will soon be rising,  
Bringing forth another day,  
That I just have to live.  
So soon I must decide, where do I begin!  
Some folks live from day to day,  
Not caring about the future.  
What do they have to show?  
Nothing. That's why I must decide,  
Where do I begin!  
Why they do it, I just don't know,  
Cause it makes no sense to me.  
For their trouble they show nothing,  
Or a single thing that I don't have.  
So now I must decide,  
Where do I begin.

Jim Jones

## THOUGHTS

Thoughts of mine . . .  
Some raging as a river surging onward  
Or as trivial as a calm, cool mountain stream trickling downward,  
Or as still as a stagnant pond,  
While others thunder as the ocean surf  
That pounds upon the beaded shore.  
All are varied in degree,  
Yet each shares this common characteristic . . .  
I, alone, have the capacity to think them,  
And no one else, but I, knows of them.  
Private me.

Mary McCaskill

---

## FOREVER BOUND

I feel bound.  
But no chains are on my ankles.  
No cell am I in.  
There is no four-walled,  
locked-door room.  
A guard does not keep me in,  
But still I feel as if I am bound.  
What is holding me?  
There is no physical barrier,  
But I cannot escape.  
I am bound to myself . . .  
But I cannot escape.  
I must live with me,  
Forever . . . never escaping.  
With my mind and with my body forever . . .  
never leaving.

Jimmy King

---

## LOVE

Love  
is  
like  
a  
river,  
That is so deep and fast flowing—  
That  
most  
drown.

Sally Arant

## NEVER ALONE

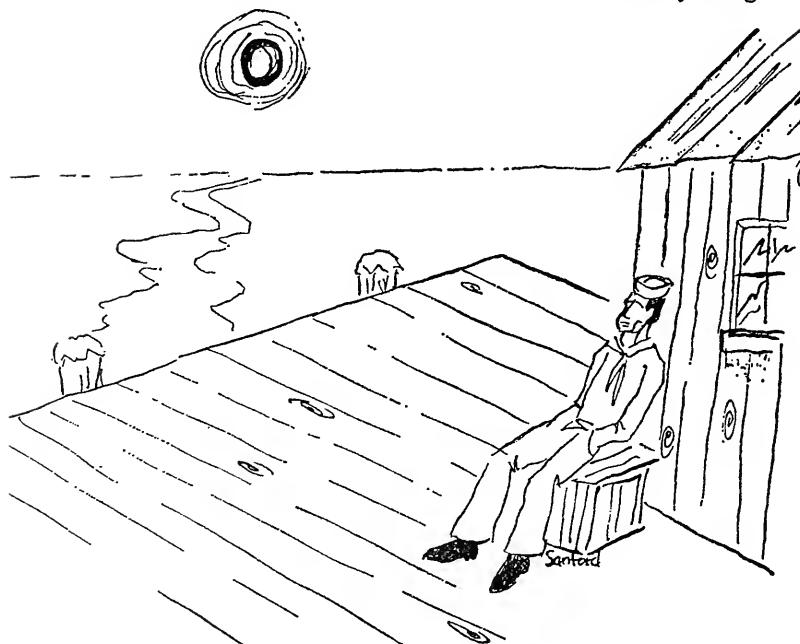
Here I am in a foreign land,  
With only God to hold my hand.  
All my loved ones are at home,  
But with God I'm not alone.  
My faith is tested day by day,  
But in my heart Christ will stay.  
With Artillery burst both day and night,  
Christ's wondrous Cross is in my sight.  
People fear when death is near,  
With Christ so near I have no fear.  
People pray for peace to come,  
But only when Christ returns will peace really come.  
I'm told we are here for freedom's sake,  
Only it is to decide America's fate.  
Weep not if I shall die,  
Through Jesus Christ we will be united in the sky.

Richard C. Sears

## ALONE AT NIGHT

Down by the dim harbor's light,  
A sailor strolls through the night.  
The day is over on the dock,  
And for the sailor time passes  
Slowly from the clock.  
He sits and waits;  
The night he hates.  
Loneliness fills the night he cannot control.

Jimmy King



## LONELINESS

Unknown places,  
Unhappy faces;  
A solitary room,  
A moment of gloom;  
A cry for help,  
A helpless cry;  
Laughing voices very distant,  
Smiles only for an instant;  
Everyone searching for a different way,  
Loneliness closes in today.

Timothy Smith

---

## IS IT FAIR?

Is it fair for this young man?  
To fight, to kill, or die for his Mother Land?  
He was fighting to set men free,  
Now for his life he has to plea.  
Is it fair for this young man?  
He took his orders from his commander's hand.  
He was sent to kill the enemy,  
Now we fight to set him free.  
Is it fair for this young man?  
He lived, and learned to fight for his land.  
Now by our court he is called guilty,  
Because he killed to set men free.  
Is it fair for this young man?  
He sits in a cell for taking a stand,  
To live or die for his Mother Land.  
Now he could die, but on the other hand,  
He could live if we take a stand.

Kenny Mills

---

## BRAVE CHILDREN

Braver are the sons and daughters  
Than their heroic father  
Who sacrificed his life;  
More courage lies in their innocent bosoms  
Than the merciless warriors  
Who created this horrible strife.  
Countless battles have these tragic children known  
While living daily  
Upon this eternal battlefield;  
Wars and threats of wars are their only legacy  
While ceaseless wondering  
When all will be killed.  
Their brave father quickly gave his life  
Thus removing his weary soul  
From this man-made torment;  
Yet his braver children must remain  
To count the plotted graves  
And sing their world's lament.

Charles Jennings

## DEATH SAT BROODING

Death  
Sat Brooding  
Like a sullen child  
Cradled in the arms  
Of a self-proclaimed priest,  
Who chose the victims of sacrifice  
From a second floor window pulpit  
By adjusting his cross hair sights  
Slowly whispering an Offertory prayer,  
Pressed the trigger  
Then pronounced, "Amen".

Joy Marcus

## CIRCLE IN TIME

I awoke on the merry-go-round,  
riding a plastic tiger (plastic organs  
screaming for good they  
would never get)

I dismounted  
and was flung about until  
I grabbed a seal (thirsty for water  
it would never feel)  
I pushed away from the piece of plastic  
and jumped  
but was repelled by the rubber tone  
of the calliope player  
I couldn't see his face  
but I could feel his cellophane grin  
as he punched his plastic keys  
He never stopped grinning,  
or playing,  
as I rode around and around and around and  
around  
and I never stopped jumping.

D. Gayle Johnson



## PARENTS

From early morn to the setting sun,  
Their tasks of love are never done;  
They share our hopes, our dreams, our plans,  
Believe in us and understand.  
And even when we're far apart,  
They keep our interest in their hearts.  
Their lives are perfect symbols of  
Enduring and unselfish love.

Debbie Caddin

## ALIVE FOR AWHILE

The rose in bloom,  
A beauty to which words cannot do justice.  
Loved by lovers of beauty.  
But when it wilts . . .  
Even the bum walks past.

Jimmy King

---

## HAPPINESS

Happiness  
Is as real  
As today,  
And  
As elusive  
As tomorrow.

Debbie Mellard

---

## HURT LOVE: TWO

Self love can hurt in two ways.  
Too much self love causes hate.  
Not enough self love is just as bad.  
One way others hate us . . .  
The other we hate ourselves.

Jimmy King

---

## LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

Give me understanding to keep within  
my heart  
Through all of a hard day . . .  
For understanding others will make  
them happy,  
In going their own ways.  
Give me love to hold in my heart,  
As months add up to years . . .  
For loving hearts are helpful in  
Saving grief and tears.  
A heart that keeps one of these  
Is rich with happiness untold . . .  
But a heart that holds both of  
these,  
Will never grow very old.

Kristine Hooper

## LOVE

Sighs are of air and  
into the air they go.  
Tears are of rain and  
into the ocean they go.  
Love is hope and then,  
where will it go?

Carlos E. G. Pardo

## LOVE IS A CUP . . . .

Love is a cup of honey and gall;  
Drink slowly, for the dregs are  
exceedingly bitter.

Elaine Compton

## "LOVE IS . . . . never having to say you're sorry"

Angry words,  
Spitefully spoken in haste  
Result in what seems to be  
An eternity of silence.  
Regret follows  
Accompanied by  
    Tears and unhappiness,  
    Frustration and miserableness.  
    Sleepless and thoughtful nights  
Result in forgotten pride.  
    Standing shamefully face to face at last,  
    You reach out, not only for my hand,  
    But for my understanding too,  
    And with a gently squeeze of entwined fingers  
    You speak to me with your eyes,  
    And my heart hears your unspoken words  
    Of tenderness.  
The look of love  
Is enough for me,  
For to have you once again  
Is all I need.

Mary McCaskill

## SHE

She comes to caress my lips  
With overflowing love and care;  
She sits lovingly upon my lap  
While I muss up her hair.  
She lays affection at my feet  
For to her I am a king;  
she never willingly hesitates;  
All her love she brings.  
She childishly whispers  
Sweet words of love in my ears;  
Her love knows no bounds;  
It even brings forth tears.  
She, with her passionate beauty  
Crowned with radiant green eyes;  
She, whose heart loves so deep;  
She cries.

Charles Jennings



## THE 15TH ROUND

Relentless lefts,  
A futile right,  
A helpless effort to win the fight.  
Then came the thunder  
Of a powerful left hook  
That sent Ali to the canvas  
And closed the book.  
Up in four,  
But still dazed;  
His jaw swollen  
His eyes glazed.  
What happened to Ali?  
Where did he go?  
Now he's only history;  
That we only know.

Dave Tollison



---

## POEM 21

Home from my travels my father said to me,  
Son, come sit here; tell me, what did you see.  
I saw twelve tall mountains with trees all a-dyin'.  
I heard seven faithful virgins whose tongues  
were a-lyin'.  
I saw ten thousand hammers and no sound  
a-makin'.  
I heard the minds think and the hearts all a-breakin'.  
I saw seven great oceans with fire all upon them.  
I heard the forests cry as the fires swallowed them.  
I saw thousands lying dead and still others a-bleedin'.  
I heard the trumpet call and the leaders still  
a-leadin'.  
I heard the bird sing and then drop down all broken.  
I saw ten thousand talkers but nothing was spoken.  
I heard thousands crying and others still wailing.  
I saw over the waters the warships come sailing.  
I heard the big guns and our cities all a-smokin'.  
I saw rivers all dotted with bodies a-floatin'.  
I heard the young babe cry and the dawn a-breakin'.  
I saw a great lover who in hatred was forsaken.  
I heard God a-talkin' and no one a-listenin'.

Frank Welch

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